

WILLOUGHBY.

Frank Kimball, Jr., was home over Sunday.

Our station agent, Mr. Sheldon, spent Sunday in Orleans.

Harley Chappell of West Burke was in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunt were in Burke Saturday on business.

Miss Myrtle Kimball spent Sunday with her father and mother here.

Mrs. Mary Gray, who has been sick for the past four weeks, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Duke visited their relatives in Lyndonville over Sunday.

Miss Etta Folsom was home over Sunday to see her mother, who has been sick.

Harry Morse has moved his family to Barton where he will be near his fish business.

Mrs. Annie Goslant, who has been caring for her sister, Mrs. Gray, has returned home.

Mrs. O. C. Abbott has returned home from Lyndonville, where she has been helping her brother.

The good news has been received from Gib Folsom that he is recovering from his sickness at Randolph sanitarium.

This community was saddened to learn on the 20th inst that one of the oldest and most respected citizens had passed away. For many years John Forrest has made his home here, in fact all his long life has been spent within a few miles of this place. He

Croup Ends Life

Many Children Die of Croup Every Year Before a Doctor Can Be Summoned.

Parents of children should be prepared at all times for a spasm of croup.

Keep in the house a remedy that will give instant relief and keep the child from choking until the arrival of the physician.

Get a 50 cent bottle of Hyomei today and in case of an attack of croup pour 20 drops into a kitchen bowl of boiling water. Hold the child's head over the bowl so that it can breathe the soothing penetrating vapor that arises. In the meantime send for a physician.

This treatment has saved the lives of many children and is a precaution that all parents should promptly take. HYOMEI is sold by F. D. Pierce and druggists everywhere and is guaranteed for croup, catarrh, asthma and bronchitis.

Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

GOODBY TO CATARRH

Use Mentholatum and See How Quickly You are Cured.

No other disease is as disagreeable and offensive as catarrh and yet it is easily and quickly cured by the right treatment. Mentholatum, an antiseptic and healing preparation that kills catarrhal germs and soothes and heals the irritated mucous membrane.

No vaporizer nor inhaler is needed with this simple treatment. Apply a little at night in the nasal passages and it cures while you sleep. It is made from healing herbs, combined with antiseptics that kill the catarrhal germ, gives quick relief and prevents further spread of the disease.

Get a 25 cent jar of Mentholatum from your druggist and see how quickly it will give relief in catarrh of the nose. Money back if it does not give perfect satisfaction. Unequaled for all aches, pains and inflammation of any kind.

Five Minutes

Sourness, Gas, Heartburn and Stomach Distress Will Disappear

Distress after eating, sourness, gas and heartburn can be quickly relieved by taking one or two MI-O-NA stomach tablets.

They're guaranteed to banish any case of indigestion, acute or chronic stomach ailment no matter what it is called, or money back.

MI-O-NA stomach tablets are small and easily swallowed. They are sold by F. D. Pierce and druggists everywhere for 50c a box. They are put up in a neat metal box that can conveniently be carried in the vest pocket. They are especially recommended for nervousness, sleeplessness, bad dreams, constipation, dizziness and heartburn.

Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

The Plain Truth

What More Can Barton People Ask?

When well-known residents and highly respected people of Barton make such statements as the following, it must carry conviction to every reader:

Mrs. William Cobb, 10 Prospect St., Barton, says: "I suffered from badly disordered kidneys, I had intense pains in the small of my back, together with soreness through my loins and I did not sleep well, getting up in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed. I was also subject to headaches and dizzy spells and everything seemed to be whirling before me. Several of my neighbors had used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and deciding to try them I obtained a box at Barron O's drug store. By the time I had taken half the contents I had improved and gradually the symptoms of my trouble disappeared. I owe my present health entirely to Doan's Kidney Pills." (Statement given September 4, 1908.)

A LATER ENDORSEMENT

On June 5, 1911, when Mrs. Cobb was interviewed, she said: I can confirm my former statement regarding Doan's Kidney Pills. I have used them occasionally since 1908 and the results have been very satisfactory. For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

was born April 18, 1831, in the edge of Sutton, but early moved here and has been one of its leading citizens. For about a year he has been gradually failing, and passed quietly away after being ill about two weeks at the home of his daughter, Mrs. P. H. Duke, Jan. 20. John Forrest married Abigail Downing Nov. 20, 1849. He was the father of six children, three of whom are living, namely, John L. Forrest of Warren, Maine, Mrs. P. H. Duke and Mrs. F. J. Duke of this place. A most rugged, energetic and resolute man, he was capable of doing the work of two men, was industrious, accommodating, ready to help in sickness and did many acts of kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Many years ago he received license to preach and joined the local preachers' ranks and for thirty years he gave, largely without pay, his services to communities that were destitute of church privileges. He preached at this place, Albany, New York, East Brownington, Sheffield, Westmore, Sutton and other places. He would work hard all the week days, study evenings, sometimes far into the night and rise Sunday mornings, drive to his appointments, seldom missing them, do his work there, return to his home and again take up the duties needful for the support of his family. He was a natural speaker, made the Bible a study and was able to repeat much of it, which fact enabled him to always give scripture passages to confirm the doctrines he presented. In this manner he did much good and was himself blessed in doing it. Five years ago his wife died, since which time he has lived a quiet life in his home, until one year ago last April when his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Duke, moved here. Then he went into their home and lived there until his death. The funeral was held on Monday, Jan. 22nd, Rev. W. A. Warner officiating and the interment was in the Willoughby cemetery.

Card of Thanks—We, the undersigned, desire to express through the Monitor our thanks to the friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy toward us during the sickness, death and burial of our dear one.

George Wheeler and family,
P. H. Duke and family,
Mrs. F. J. Duke and family,
John L. Forrest and family.

Charles Durham, Lovington, Ill., has succeeded in finding a positive cure for bed wetting. "My little boy wet the bed every night clear through on the floor. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine and I was in the drug store looking for something different to help him when I heard of Foley's Kidney Pills. After he had taken two days we could see a change and when he had taken two-thirds of a bottle he was cured. That is about six weeks ago and he has not wet in bed since." F. D. Pierce.

IRASBURG.

Mrs. H. Crawford is on the sick list.

Mrs. Levi Bashaw has been quite ill the past week.

H. B. Chamberlin had his ice house filled last week.

Arthur Boright of Bellows Falls was home over Sunday.

For dates and program of East Albany fair see Albany news.

O. G. Page of Orleans was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Cornelius McGoff spent the past week with her son in Montpelier.

Mrs. P. C. Templeton and children are visiting her brother in Concord, N. H.

Dr. P. C. Templeton is entertaining his brother Halie of Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. R. W. Cowles, who has been quite ill the past two weeks, is improving.

M. A. Wells was called to St. Johnsbury Thursday by the illness of his mother.

Miss Reynolds of Albany was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Knapp Wednesday.

H. B. Chamberlin sold 40 head of cattle to Thomas Gallagher of Craftsbury Monday.

D. A. Brahan and Sears & Russell both carry ads in this issue telling of special sales.

Mrs. George Abel, who has been suffering from rheumatism, is a little more comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wright of Troy were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Abell last week.

The Jersey Star creamery paid its patrons 40 cents for butter fat for the week ending Jan. 13.

Fred Clough has returned from Florida and is ill at the home of his brother, S. E. Clough.

The grangers are preparing a play entitled "The Fisherman's Luck," to be given in the near future.

Judge and Mrs. F. M. Sears attended the inspection of Intervale Chapter, O. E. S., of Orleans Thursday evening.

The E. L. Chandler Company mill, which has been undergoing thorough repairs, commenced sawing their winter's stock Thursday.

Bear in mind the entertainment to be given by the village school on the evening of Feb. 16th, and look for full particulars next week.

Samuel Bourne of Derby Line has purchased the Erwin Batchelder farm known as the Fred Clough farm and Mr. Batchelder has moved to Derby Line.

Dr. P. C. Templeton accompanied W. H. Winget and Herbert Wheeler to the Royal Victoria hospital in Montreal Friday, where both underwent operations on Saturday.

All parties having accounts against the town of Irasburg will present them on or before Feb. 8.

G. E. Metcalf,
D. A. Brahan,
G. H. Lanou.

Lard Without Trees. Thorshaven, the capital city of the Faroe Islands, is said to be absolutely treeless. The claim is made that for some reason, perhaps soil conditions, trees absolutely refuse to grow there.

The House That Jim Built

By Nellie Cravey Gilmore

Francesca laid down the paper with a quick flush of color. Then she picked it up again and reread the advertisement breathlessly.

FOR RENT—One up-to-date cottage, five rooms and bath. Can be leased to right party. Situated corner Ninth avenue and Maple street. Apply next door.

Their house! The girl's eyes filled suddenly with burning tears. After three years he had at last consented then to let the place to a stranger—anyone who might prove respectable enough to be the "right party." Had he forgotten?—ceased to care? There was only one answer or he would never have been willing to take this step. It couldn't be lack of money, she knew that; the truth came to her like a knife-thrust; he was done with the past forever.

How many times had she passed and repassed the little green house into which had been wrought all their hopes, and thanked heaven from the bottom of her heart that it was still vacant, still sacred to him. Every shingle and rafter stood for a heart throb; every tree and flower had been planted with loving hands. And now? It was all Francesca could do to keep her self-control. Visions surged into her brain—visions of the old, dear days. James Langdon's face was the center of them all. So distinct was it, she almost felt that she could have put out her hand and touched it. She struggled a little sob and dashed away the tears. What a fool she was to be going to pieces like this on account of a man who had found it so easy to forget! Gradually a change came over her feelings. In place of the old wearying ache, a hot rebellion flamed into her heart. She rose, tossed aside the paper she had been reading and crossed the room to her mirror. Her eyes, sparkling defiantly, looked back at her with a new purpose in their gold-brown depths. She, too, would—forget!

Robert Thayer's letter still lay unanswered in her desk. She reopened it with fingers unsteady from excitement. The lines danced before her eyes for an instant; then her gaze steadied and she read:

"Dear: May I come to you to-morrow night? There is something I want to tell you, to ask you. I won't be patient any longer. Say that you will be expecting me at eight."

"Sincerely,

"BOB."

Francesca seated herself unhesitatingly at the desk and scratched a hasty reply.

"Dear Bob: Come by all means. I'm always glad to see you; you know that. I shall be looking for you at the appointed hour."

"Cordially,

"FRANCESCA."

She had just sealed the note when her brother entered the room, a little flushed, an expression of anxiety on his face. Yielding to a sudden impulse, she thrust the envelope quickly into a drawer and locked it.

"Bad news, kid," he said, dropping into a chair.

The girl turned with a startled glance, an unspoken question on her lips. Young Graham anticipated her and said abruptly:

"Got to move out in a week. Owners have sold the place—which signifies 'move on' for us."

Francesca sat and stared at him blankly. A terrible feeling of homesickness swept over her. "We've been here so long!" she said wistfully.

"That's it. I knew you'd feel all cut up about it, just as I do. But there's no help for it, girlie. We'll have to be looking around at once."

"Where will we look?" she questioned helplessly.

"Get the papers—that's all. And in the meantime I shall have to make a run down to Washington for four or five days. That leaves the job to you. I'm sorry, but it's unavoidable."

But the girl scarcely heard his last words. A sudden, wild thought had darted into her brain; her blood was racing riotously through her veins. It centered all at once in two crimson spots in her cheeks.

"Don't bother, Jack," she said, quietly. "I shan't have any trouble. Leave it all to me. I—I think I already know a place we can get." She was devoutly thankful that her brother had been off at college during her betrothal days and the building of the house. He need never know the truth.

They talked things over for a little after which young Graham got up and went out again. Francesca swallowed a cup of tea and hurried upstairs to dress. In half an hour she was speeding toward Ninth avenue and Maple street, every nerve a-tingle with varying emotions.

She stepped out on the pavement and stood for a second looking about her. "Apply next door." There was only one house next door, on the other side was a park, and she made her way toward the small, weather-beaten structure. A little old lady with gold glasses, her head covered with silver white puffs, answered her ring.

"I—I came to see about leasing the cottage next door," Francesca began timidly. "I hope no one is ahead of me?"

"There have been applicants, but as none of them appeared suitable tenants we turned them all away." She held open the door. "Pray walk in, miss; then we can talk better."

Francesca's heart was beating very hard and very fast as she entered the prim little parlor, but she kept her

cise admirably. What if she should be turned away!

"The owner of the place is in Europe, I believe?" she asked.

"Yes, Jim's about made up his mind to live in Paris for good, I expect. He's my nephew, you know. My sister and I came up last spring from Philadelphia to live and he asked us to take charge of the house over there."

After half an hour's interview, satisfactory arrangements were concluded and, with the key tightly clasped in her cold fingers, Francesca found herself for the first time in three long years walking tremulously up the flower-bordered path that led to the low veranda. Her breath came in little jerks and the blood pounded in her temples. She applied the key to the lock almost in a dream and pushed open the door.

At sight of the familiar objects within a sudden sense of suffocation came upon her. It passed in a moment and she entered the first room she came to mechanically. The air was fresh and clean, and not a sign of dust was in evidence. The spinster aunts had attended to that, and the girl sank into a chair with a sigh of relief. She had fully expected to find the place musty and damp and had been mentally bracing herself to meet the emergency.

She must have sat there at least a quarter of an hour, her dry eyes traveling from one well-remembered object to another. Her emotion made her physically weak, and the only thing she could do was to sit and battle for self-mastery. There was no need to explore further into the house; every nook and corner was printed on her memory. A clock striking three roused her. She rose by an effort and crossed to one of the windows and looked out at the blooming flowers below. How well she recalled the day they had made the flower bed together.

"But my dear James, how absurd! The place was going to rack and ruin for want of a tenant. We imagined you'd be highly pleased—"

Francesca caught at the sill for support. Every atom of color fled from her face.

"I appreciate your interest, of course, Aunt Sophie. But for reasons best known to myself, I prefer to keep the house vacant. I should have told you, I suppose. But somehow, in the rush of things, I omitted to do so. But as long as the people haven't moved in there'll be no trouble about it."

Francesca turned as the man approached the room alone. Her first impulse had been to fly, to hide—to seek refuge in any way she could. But all avenue of escape was cut off, and the only alternative was to stay where she was, and hurriedly draw down the thick veil she wore.

"I beg your pardon," Langdon began, apologetically, "but it was all a mistake about this house being for rent. The fact is, I've just come home from Europe unexpectedly and shall want to occupy it for myself."

Francesca nodded.

"I'm awfully sorry you've been put to this trouble, but you see—"

"I'm sure you needn't apologize," she interposed quickly, in a low tone. "I—perfectly understand."

Langdon smiled gratefully. "Thank you very much," he said.

Francesca moved across the floor toward the doorway. To reach it she was compelled to pass close to Langdon. He was watching her narrowly. Suddenly he caught his breath, turned pale, then red—then pale again. When she would have passed through the opening he barred her way.

"Francesca!" he cried, breathlessly. "May I—pass?" she faltered, weakly.

"No; you may not." He deliberately lifted the veil from her face and looked long and deep into the misty, gold-brown eyes. Satisfied, he gave a little soft laugh, and drew her almost roughly into his arms.

"We've been a precious pair of numskulls, haven't we?" he demanded. "I—I think we have, dear."

"But we've learned wisdom through experience, eh?"

"I—hope so, Jim."

His lips touched her hair. His arms tightened. "And it's not too late to go down and look at that Chippendale?"

Law.

A law student is not entitled to a diploma until he can properly pronounce the word "law." It is important. It is perhaps the most important of all, vastly more so than a knowledge of Blackstone.

It is impossible to write or print the word "law" as a good lawyer pronounces it. Type as large as a newspaper headline, italicized and triply underscored, might approximate the required importance, but it could give no fair idea of the loving reverence, the respectful obedience, the authoritative awfulness, the thunderbolt finality and the uncanny resonance with which all good lawyers scatter this word about a courtroom.

"Such and such is the L—a—w," he announces stentoriously, perhaps holding up a calf-bound book or shaking a belligerent fist as if ready to stand upon the law and fight the world, the flesh and the devil. The mere fact that opposing counsel two minutes later proves that such and such is not the law and never was the law, abates not one jot his enthusiasm for the word. In an instant or two he is at it again crowding as much mighty majesty into these three letters as vocal cords can fashion.

Entirely Different.

"Getting around the world these days is a comparatively easy matter, Mr. Tubbit."

"Oh, yes. Much easier, I dare say, than getting around my wife."

Ancient Roman Long Branch.

The sea coast of Laurentum may have been in favor with the fashionable and the wealthy for a brief space of time under Augustus and his immediate successors, but was given up quite soon to parvenues and merchants and retired officers, and the same set of noisy people who haunt at the present day the popular watering places of the world. To make the analogy more striking, an inscription has been found at La Capocotta singing the praises of a wealthy Jew, and revealing the fact that a synagogue had been built at Ostia for the use of the Semitic "villeggianti" on the neighboring coast.

Rus in Urbe.

A Springfield, Mo., man, describing his experience in New York, says: "I got on street cars two or three different times and told the conductors the names of friends along the line that I wanted to visit, and blame me if they could tell me where any of them lived!"—Kansas City Times.

Tragic Wedding Party.

An appalling happening occurred in Turkey a few days ago, at a wedding celebration, the bride, bridegroom and twenty-eight of the guests being blown to pieces. A powder merchant named Yahia was celebrating his wedding in the village of Sinan, in the Yemen, when a terrific explosion occurred in one of the rooms where powder was stored. The bride and bridegroom and guests all perished, some of them being terribly mutilated.

Already Supplied.

The Caller—Do you need any type writer supplies, sir?

The Guvnor—Typewriter supplier? No, I've only just bought her a box of chocolates.—Opinion.

Superfluous.

"Can I sell you a fine talking machine, sir?"

"No. I married one."

Origin of the Stocking.

A writer in a French newspaper has been investigating the origin of stockings. It appears that Henry II, when preparing for the marriage of his sister in 1559 first conceived the idea of silk hose, and was the first to wear silk knitted stockings at that epoch-making event. A hundred years later one Hindres established a factory for stockings in the Bois de Boulogne. This was the first hosiery factory in France. It was a success at the start, and, when it received protection from the then ministers, it was a kind of gold mine. In 1663 the venture was turned into a company. From it arose "the Society of Silk Stocking Makers."

Parisian Sage

Banishes Dandruff

It quickly kills the dandruff germs that's why dandruff vanishes so promptly when PARISIAN SAGE is used.

PARISIAN SAGE

is Guaranteed by

Fred D. Pierce

to eradicate dandruff, to stop falling hair and itching scalp or money back. Get a fifty-cent bottle today and become acquainted at once with the most delightful hair dressing in the world.

"I gladly recommend it as the best hair tonic I have ever known. I find it the only hair tonic that will cure dandruff, cleanse the scalp and make the hair grow long and beautiful." Miss Signa Ahl, 2 Farwell street, West Worcester, Mass.

Sold and guaranteed at Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

Children Thrive On Good Bread

Bread and jam and bread and sugar are old-fashioned delicacies that children love. It makes them fat and keeps them well and hearty.



William Tell Flour

Bread made from William Tell Flour is extra fine and extra nutritious.

Milled from selected Ohio Red Winter Wheat—by our own special process—it is richest in bread-making qualities.

Goes farthest, too. More loaves to the barrel. Order today. (13)

J. G. Turnbull Co., Orleans, Vt. Distributors

Kodol For Indigestion. Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

Annual February Cash Sale SEARS & RUSSELL STORE

Dry Goods

36 in. Lockwood Cotton 6 1-2c
40 " " 7 1-4c
36 " Bleached Cotton 6, 7 and 8c
42 " Lockwood Blea. Cotton 11c
42 " Blea. Pillow Tubing 13c
9-4 Brown Sheeting 22c
9-4 Bleached Sheeting 25c

Table Damasks and Crashes at comparatively low prices

Our entire stock of standard Prints at 5c per yard

Good Gingham at 6c
The regular 12c Ginghams at 10c
Outings marked down to 8c
Percales " " 10c
Bargain in White Goods, P. K. S. etc.

Look at the prices on the Fleece Lined Prints and Kimona Cloths, we have some choice patterns and all have the low price.

Small Wares

Ladies' Kid Gloves \$1.25 ones for 99c
1.00 " " 79c

Ladies' Golf Gloves 39c
50c ones for 19c

Men and Boys' Golf Gloves for the same prices.

Ladies' and Gents' Outing Night Robes 99c

\$1.25 ones for 79c

1.00 " " 69c

Our Ladies' Shirt Waists are marked to close without regard to cost.

Ladies' Union Suits \$2.00 ones for \$1.59

1.00 " " 79c

Ladies' Two Piece Suits \$1.25 ones for 99c

1.00 " " 79c

50c " " 39c

25c " " 19c

Men's Underwear bears the same mark-down prices.